Practice by acid_and_oil (orphan_account)

Category: Danny Phantom
Genre: But Vlad came back, M/M, Masturbation, Post-Phantom Planet, Sex Toys, Why Did I Write This?, and Danny has a crush, and became a mentor
Characters: Danny Fenton
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-11-18
Updated: 2017-11-18
Packaged: 2022-12-15 21:51:20
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,565
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Story URL: https://archiveofourown.org/works/12757479
Author URL: https://archiveofourown.org/users/orphan_account/pseuds/acid_and_oil
Summary:

Danny stared at the contents of the package in both intrigue and shame. Apparently he had gotten drunk and ordered a dildo online. A blue one.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters
Comments: 11
Kudos: 420

Practice

Author's Note:

> I've been really stressed out, guys. One of my coping mechanisms is to write questionable porn. That's all.

Danny was attracted to Vlad. That much he could admit to himself. The man had been in his life off and on for a good five years now. When Vlad had returned from outerspace, he was a little older, quieter, and a hell of a lot more ripped. Something happened in the starry void that Danny did not know or ask of. It had changed the man, and had led to new relationship between them.

Vlad was now Danny's mentor. He was an ally to the Fenton works ghost research facility. He even reached a place of healing and understanding when it came to Jack, although they were still not as close as they had been.

Danny could not deny that he wanted more. Danny dreamed of being under Plasmius's large body. He wanted to to pinned down, and thrust into. He wanted to be bitten by those sharp fangs and lapped at by the forked tongue. He wanted to feel those claws on the flesh of his thighs, and hear dirty thoughts purred into his ear.

Vlad Masters was attractive in that distinguished silver fox business man sort of way. The worn-out back issue of Affluence Magazine that Danny kept stashed under his mattress was proof of Danny's thoughts on that matter.

Vlad Masters was attractive, but Plasmius…fuck. Plasmius was a fucking sexy beast. Those fangs and claws, that skin…it set off a feral spark deep in Danny's gut, in Phantom's core. It was a raw heat, instinctual and intense.

This was the sort of thinking that led to Danny drunk-ordering a jelly dildo at 2 in the morning.

He had honestly forgotten about the transaction by the time it arrived. Danny wanted to borrow a medallion from Clock Work just

so he could throttle Drunk Danny and ask what the fuck he was thinking.

When he saw the teal-blue color, there was no denying what had been going though Drunk Danny's head.

He stared at the thing. It had suction cup on the bottom, and two simulated 'balls' above that. It was 8 inches long, and yes, he had ordered it in the exact shade of blue to match Plasmius's skin. Fuck. Danny stuck the damn thing to his dresser. The jelly material made it flop and wiggle around a bit. After another scoff at his past drunk self, Danny walked away and forgot about the damned thing.

It wasn't until after his latest training session did he think about the sex toy again. Throwing down with Plasmius had him feeling all tight in the jumpsuit again, and to top it off he decided to relax with a cup of wine. Before too long, Danny found him staring the thing down, as if it would attack him.

He flicked the thing with two fingers, watching the blue silicone bob on it's base. Danny giggled. "Why hello there, Froot Loop. Happy to see me?"

After a moment of hesitation, Danny dipped his head down, brushing his lips against the head of the fake cock. Danny paused. Was he really doing this? Well, Drunk Danny must have ordered this some some reason, he rationalized. Might as well find out. Danny downed the rest of his wine, and got back to work.

Danny parted his lips and flicked out his tongue, coating the head with saliva. Danny grasped the length with one of his hands, and slowly brushed the head across his now closed mouth. Danny smeared his owned saliva on his lips and in a sticky trail down his cheek, imagining it was Plasmius's pre-cum, leaking out from Danny's presence.

Feeling braver, Danny opened his mouth and sucked the entire head into it. He sucked the tip, running his tongue along the groove. He wondered if the real Plasmius was circumcised or uncut. Danny placed his lips along the side of the shaft, gumming his way up and down. Using his his tongue and the pad of his thumb, he stroked tiny

circles onto the rubber cock. He wondered how the real Plasmius would compare to the size of this thing. If he were larger or smaller. Perhaps thinker? Danny had both fought and sparred with this man many times, and he thought he had a vague idea, but his imagination could dream up the rest.

Danny imagined Vlad getting turned on during training, just like Danny would. He imagined calling Vlad out on it. The older man would deny it at first, of course. But Danny would reveal that he felt the same way, and suggest that they do something about it. Offer to help each other out.

“Show me” he would tease Vlad, “how you put the pro in quid-pro-quo”

He would take him in mouth as Plasmius, of course, as in Danny’s recent fantasies. He may be in human form or as Phantom, but the mouth he fantasized about kissing always had fangs, and the skin he licked and nipped, the cock he wanted to touch and suck and fucking let loose and ride, were always blue.

Danny moaned around the toy now. His lips were fixed around the top again, and he moved his head down. He wanted to see how much he could take, He opened up his throat, impaling his face with the blue jelly cock. He brought his face p and down a few times, twisting his neck as he reached the top, rubbing his lips again on the head, before plunging back down. Danny was really moaning now, and he found himself pressing his thighs together as he kneel on the desk chair, desperate for some friction.

Pulling his mouth off with a pop, Danny grabbed the toy, a bottle of lube, and a change of comfy clothes before heading to the bathroom. He wanted more. He needed more.

Danny started the shower letting run for a minute to heat up. Slowly, he undressed, imagining that he was stripping under Vlad Plasmius’ appreciative eye. He stuck the suction cup to the side of the shower wall at just the right height. He let the water run a little longer to heat the silicone up.

Danny imagined that he and Vlad were showering together after a

sparring session, or a mission. He washed his hair and body with his back pressed against the toy, imaging that it was Vlad who was washing him. Slow and lovingly at first, and then heated and impatient. They both would be eager for something more. Danny pressed against the toy, feeling it rub against his ass. He ran the length between his cheeks, letting it rest there, enjoying the sensation. He felt so naughty. So taboo. It was electrifying.

Danny opened the bottle of lube, and applied some to both the toy and to his hole. Danny pressed against the toy once again. Letting it slide up and down along his crack. It was much better now with the lube. The way it slid- Danny swore he could get off like that alone, and had to summoned together all his will power to not just stroke himself off while sliding like that. No, he was going to make sure that Past Drunk Danny got his money's worth.

Danny bent over slightly. He reached back with one hand, and lined up the blue dick with his tight hole. Danny imagined Plasmius telling him how much and how long he wanted this.

Danny bit his lip as the cock pressed into his entrance. It was only the head, but it was wide, and it was stretching more than he ever had been before. What had possessed Drunk Danny to go for the eight inches? He wasn't a virgin, but Elliot had been a little shorter and much thinner. Besides, that was long ago.

Danny cleared his thoughts of his ex. He How good he would make him feel, closed his eyes and formed a mental picture of Plasmius, and heard his rich voice in his ear. Telling Danny that he was doing great. Purring praises in his ear. Telling him how tight he was.

There it was. Danny panted, finally working the majority of the length into his body. "Oh fuck. Plasmius."

Danny began to move. Slowly at first, but then he got more into it. Soon he was rocking his hips back and forth. Biting his lip and groaning. Moaning his name. Danny pinched his own nipples hard. Digging the nails in, picturing those sharp claws. Why did Vlad have to be so animalistic? So sexy. Danny's hips stuttered. His thighs started to shake. He increased his motion, madly thrusting himself onto the blue toy cock, moaning and screaming Vlad's name like a

whore.

Soon, Danny slipped off of the toy and onto the floor of the shower. He had shot his load, and watched, still shaking, as the warm jet of the shower washed it away.

Fuck.

It seems like Danny owed his past drunk self an apology.

Danny got out of the shower when he was done gathering himself together, and forced himself to dry off and get dressed. Danny cleaned off the toy, and gave the head an affectionate pat before wrapping it in a handkerchief and stashing it in his top drawer. Then he settled down at his computer to give the item a positive review, and to maybe buy another. Ten out of ten. Would recommend..

Author's Note:

> I'm on Ko-fi- if you enjoy my work, please consider making a donation. It's only $3, and it would mean a lot to me! Thank you
>
> Buy Me a Coffee